



Perfidious Sanctuary



traitor

psycotic

prisoner

86 3 7

Chapter 1 by -

I awoke to the deafening boom of a cannon. Dirt from the ceiling sprinkled down. Heavy footsteps and several gruff voices stopped outside my cell. I heard a key loudly push into the lock – iron against iron, echoing down the bleak corridor.

One of the guards stepped up to me and shackled my hands. He led me into the passageway where two other prisoners were cowardly hunched, their blistered feet fettered by chains. The officer pushed me in between the two convicts and harshly fastened the manacles on me. I could feel the heavy metal cut into my aching feet. He stabbed his brawny fingers into my back – a signal to march.

We scuffled past barred units of men with their heads peering out and their hands hanging on the bars, as if standing in stocks. They coughed, sneezed, grumbled, and stared through their droopy bloodshot eyes. As we exited the rundown penitentiary, the jail mate behind me stumbled over the gate's steps. I turned and offered my captive hands to help him rise, but he slunk back in revulsion.

"Get away from me – traitor!" He snarled, struggling to stand steadily.

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Chapter 2 by Skidd

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Traitor! The word rung in my ears like a bell. His face was like a hungry animal when he spoke that. I would remember that face till my death, and maybe even after...

Presently, the guards shoved outside the gates of the prison. I thought they were going to unceremoniously execute me, but they did nothing. They just left me outside in the rain, while all around me was chaos. I could've escaped, but where would I go in this cesspool? The guards knew that very well, so they didn't even bother to keep a watch. I sat on the muddy ground, waiting for what's to come. I was drifting off to sleep and would have slept there if I hadn't been waken up by a hard kick. It was the guard again, he held me down while another man injected me. It was over so quickly, that I didn't even have the time to react. Slowly I drifted off to sleep. I had wild dreams in my sleep. Dreams that I never had. It can be described as Psychedelic even...

When I woke up, I found myself to be in a van. It was riding smoothly and steadily. I was the only inhabitant of that van, except for the driver of course!

Traitor! that damned word again! It was my morning alarm of sorts.

It was night when the van door opened and I was shoved outside. It was cold and harsh, just like my life. I looked around to find myself in a desolate land. The man shoved me forward and as I turned, I saw a huge Gothic building. It was almost chimerical. I swallowed when I saw the name of the building- Eddington Asylum!

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